DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897. NUMBER 46

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

THANKSGIVING.

For the bounty of the harvest,
For the sunshine, dew, and rain;
For the glowing tints of autumn
On the hills and on the plain;

For the soul-entrancing sunsets,
And the clear, moonlighted sky;
For the mercies that unnumbered
And unthought of round us lie—

We would thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For we know that from Thy hand
Cometh every good and perfect
Gift that crowneth all the land.

May each crumb within the storehouse
Furnish added strength to do
Something that shall prove we're grateful
For Thy goodness. Keep us true.

Pardon our mistakes and sinning!
Let the song we raise to-day
Bear not one small note of discord
As it floats to Thee away!

May our glad Thanksgiving anthem
Reach to Heaven's songful shore—
Pulsing with Thy gracious message,
"Thou'rt forgiven; sin no more."

THE TRAMPS' THANKSGIVING.

The muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slopes of Time,
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime.
—*James G. Clarke.*

It was a biting cold afternoon. The snow creaked sharply under the runners of passing sleighs, and the frost on the windows refused to yield to the combined influence of the pale November sunlight without and the furnace heat within. Norah, the pretty maid of all work at the Whiting's, coming from a hasty trip to the grocer's for some article which she had forgotten to order, slipped in through the bulkhead instead of facing the fierce wind which came whirling round the corner. She didn't stop to fasten the bulkhead. They seldom did fasten it. They were young people at the Whiting's, new to housekeeping, and it was one of their careless ways.

"Now see them two poor boys," said Norah to herself, as she looked out of the kitchen window at two tramps who were sauntering by. Even the cold did not make them hasten, but what use to hurry, since, as warm-hearted Norah said to her mistress a second later, "There's no Thanksgiving for the likes of them, poor souls, an it's biting cold!"

"Yes, it's hard," said Mrs. Whiting abstractedly. "And, Norah, you had better put the cold boiled ham and the jar of doughnuts in the store closet down cellar, until after Thanksgiving, to make room in the pantry for other things."

Mrs. Whiting was a kind-hearted young woman, but her mind was full of her first dinner party, to be given that night, and there really wasn't a corner of it loft for tramps.

"I'll take these paper bags down, too," said Norah, "they are just in my way here and its no use saving them."

The tramps had looked at Norah as she dodged in through the bulkhead, but exchanged no words about her, and plodded wearily on. The sun dropped down out of sight, and the short winter twilight deepened into night. The wind went down, out of was still bitterly cold, and the two tramps wandered into the railroad station to get warm. There they stayed until after the express train had thundered by.

"Sorry to turn you out, boys," said the kind-hearted old station master, "but I've got to leave now. If I just had a home," he said reflectively, "I'm a bachelor, and the old lady where I board—well, she's a cranky one."

"It's all right, mate—thank you just the same," said the elder of the two. "We'll get on."

The station master looked after them as they stopped outside the circle of the electric light and were swallowed up in the blackness beyond.

"Them ain't no common tramps, now," he said to himself. "Young, too. That little one, now. He ain't mor'n seventeen—just a boy. Too bad, too bad."

The two tramps plodded wearily back over the route they had come. The houses were all dark. There were long stretches of blackness between the scattered street lamps that seemed colder to the poor fellows just by reason of the absence of light.

They turned up the collars of their threadbare overcoats, and thrust their hands deeper into their pockets.

"I can't stand this much longer," finally gasped the younger, with chattering teeth.

His companion looked about him. They were opposite the Whiting house, and a thought struck him. He remembered seeing Norah go in through the bulkhead, and hearing Mrs. Whiting say to a departing caller: "Yes, we are going this evening on the late train, Norah and all—yes—to spend Thanksgiving."

"Come this way," he said briefly and led his companion towards the bulkhead. It yielding to his touch; they stumbled down the steps, and were at last under cover. It was not specially warm in the cellar, but it seemed a paradise in contrast with the bitter cold outside.

A faint light streamed from the half-opened door of the furnace—evidently left ajar to keep the fire alive until the family should return the next night.

The elder of the two tramps, whom his companion called Joe, closed it and opened the drafts. He brought up an old chair without any back, and a washtub which turned upside down made a good seat. When they were warmed enough to talk, he said:

"We are all right till to-morrow night. I heard the lady say they were going away on the evening train to spend Thankegiving."

"Maybe some one here all the same—you better go slow, old boy!" continued his chum.

"Guess not, by the way they left the fire; but we'll keep quiet all the same," and he changed the dampers a trifle, drew up his improvised chair, and opened the furnace door to warm his chilled fingers.

"Say, Joe, how'd you know about furnaces?" said the boy.

"Used to have one at home, Fred," said Joe, briefly.

His companion glanced curiously at him. In the faint light his face looked stern and sad.

"You wasn't always a tramp, no more'n me?"

"No," said the other with a harsh laugh; "I wasn't born one; few are."

"There wasn't no furnace in my father's house," said the younger and more talkative one. "It was a farmhouse, and I hated a farm, so I run away."

There was a long pause. Joe filled two of Norah's paper bags with coal and replenished the fire noiselessly. Then he took out a clasp knife and began to whittle a piece of pine wood into long splinters which he put into a basket near by.

"What are you doing, Joe?" said Fred.

"Oh, just paying for may lodging? That's what a tramp is supposed to do—cut wood to pay for his lodging?"

"I say," said Fred, "we aint bad uns for tramps, we don't steal, and we don't swear, nor—"

"Oh, we are an ornament to the profession, we are!" interjected the other contemptuously—then in a different tone, "Fred, my boy, we are a bad lot, and you know it; just useless loafers. Fred, did they used to keep Thanksgiving at your home! That farmhouse that you were such a fool as to run away from."

"Well, what did you run away from, I wonder? You haint no call to talk to me!" growled Fred angrily.

"What, indeed?" said Joe, with such a despairing groan that the other's anger melted away.

"Say," he went on after a pause, "You must have had a lot of learning. You don't talk like me. You may be a college chap, for all I know."

Joe made no reply. His great hopeless-looking black eyes were fixed on vacancy and he did not seem to hear.

"What shall we have for Thanksgiving dinner?" said Fred presently. "I hate to steal their food, but we can't starve." Joe roused himself. "If we can find any food we'll take it—and pay for it."

"Sorry," said Fred, "but my pocketbook's in my other pants!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Joe, good naturedly, "your listen to me. When its light we'll look about and see what we can find to do."

"Never heard of a tramp hunting for *work* much," muttered Fred—"never does in them newspaper yarns—wouldn't think a tramp had feelings like other folks to read them yarns, or even washed his face."

"When you are done jabbering, young fellow, we'd better get a nap, if we can."

"H'm, can't find my pillow," said the irrepressible Fred, "and some feller must have swiped my blankets!"

Joe took from his pocket a bit of candle, which he lighted and went on an exploring expedition.

In the adjacent laundry he found some old rugs hung over a line, and in the store closet the boiled ham and doughnuts and some raw apples and potatoes.

Going back with the rugs, he told Fred what he had discovered, divided the rugs with him, fixed the furnace for the night, and then the two poor wanderers tried to sleep, haunted by who shall say what dreams of Thanksgivings past, and gloomy visions of others yet to come.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold. "I'll get breakfast," said Joe, "and you—well, you'd better make the beds and sweep up!"

Somewhat refreshed by a night's rest, and in comparatively comfortable quarters, their spirits revived and they entered into the fun of the thing wich a boyish abandon, surprising to themselves as they looked back upon it in after years. Joe raked down the furnace fire and put some potatoes to roast in the hot ashes.

Going into the laundry he washed his face and hands at one of the set tubs, smiling a little as the action reminded him of Fred's remark about the "newspaper tramps" who never washed their faces! Then he carefully washed his useful clasp knife, cut some generous slices of boiled ham which he piled on one of the paper bags, filled a tin pail cover with doughnuts, spread a stray newspaper on the wash bench and breakfast was ready!

"What are we going to drink?" Fred asked.

"Well," answered Joe, soberly, tea is sort of womanish, and coffee might make you bilious—let's try cold water?" Bringing out two empty fruit jars, he filled them with that wholesome if not exactly "warming" beverage. Two paper bags answered for plates; the potatoes were done just enough, and eaten from their jackets, were not to be despised. Salt would have improved them, but the ham helped to make that deficiency less apparent. As they drew up the improvised table the same thought struck each that it was thanksgiving morning?

"I can't help thinking," said Fred, huskily, "of the farm, and—"

"Don't talk!" said Joe sharply, "eat your breakfast! we're tramps—just *tramps*.. Be thankful you are not frozen or starved."

Fred choked back a sob. He was only a boy after all, poor fellow, and this was his first Thanksgiving away from home. Both were silent for some time. Fred's thoughts persisted in going back to the bright New England kitchen, and his last Thanksgiving breakfast there. He could see it all like a picture. The yellow painted floor with its braided mats, the sun shining across the breakfast table with its coarse, white tablecloth, its steel knives and forks, and brown and white table-ware. There was always chicken pie for breakfast on Thanksgiving morning, he remembered. There by the stove was grandma's rocker with its patchwork cushion, and on the other side, father's big cow-hide boots were warming. He always would keep them there, no matter what mother said, and mother—Fred jumped up suddenly and going into the laundry, wept bitter tears—the first for many a month—over his home memories.

And that older man, left to his own thoughts at the rough breakfast table? What words can describe the pictures his memory called up of of happier Thanksgiving days?

No humble kitchen with its rustic table service, but glitter of silver and perfume of flowers, costly damask and priceless china—a gracious presence presiding over all. His widowed mother, Heaven help her! was ever mother cursed with such a son? A gambler, a fugitive from justice, an outcast forever. "The only son of his mother and she a widow." Ah, happy widow of the Bible story whose son had not disgraced her!

"It may be too late for me, but I'll try to save the boy," he thought to himself. "He shall go back to the farm, and in a few years these months of wandering will seem almost like a dream to him."

When Fred reappeared Joe made no allusion to his absence, and they set about the work they had planned to do. They piled up the wood neatly, cut up a large quantity of kindlings, mended the handle to the wood basket, and did various things that had been left for the man who came periodically to do odd jobs. Then it was time to get dinner, which was a repetition of the morning's bill of fare, but the tramps were not fastidious and waxed facetious over their repast.

"Will you have dark or light meat?" said Joe, with the boiled ham before him and the clasp knife in his hand. "This," surveying the ham critically, "is the finest turkey I've seen for some time! Do let me give you a bit of the breast and some stuffing."

"I'd rather have a wing!" said Fred, with a chuckle.

"No cranberry sauce, thank you," said Joe, after laughing at the picture suggested by Fred's remark of a pig with wings! "I prefer a roasted apple," helping himself to one of several that Fred had roasted by stringing them on a long stiff wire that he found among the rubbish. By resting one end on the back of the furance lining and moving the other back and forth, he kept them turning so that they roasted evenly without burning.

After dinner they occoupied themselves in making plans for the future. The memories of the day had stirred the hearts of both, and determined them to make a new start. At least, Joe was determined to give his companion one, and mature his own plans later.

There was no shadow of crime between Fred and his home, and his parents were both living. It was possible and easy for him to return. With himself the case was different. His mother had died and he himself was dead to all of his name and race. But in the far west with a new name he might have an honorable if not a happy career, after years of hand work and discouragement. At least he could try.

"Fred," he said, we are about eight miles from W—, and I am going to send you with a note to an old friend who will help you to get work. When you have earned enough to get decent clothes and pay your fare back to the old farm, you are to go—you understand?"

"What are you going to do?" said Fred.

"Never mind about me," said the other. "You do as I tell you. It's enough for you to know that I am not going to live this way any longer."

"But I hate to leave you, Joe," said the boy. "You've been awful good to me since we've been together. I'd rather tramp with you and starve than live right up to the handle with most folks."

Joe looked at him sadly and irresolutely—here was his only friend. He never could go back to those former times. He must make a new start among a new people, if he made one. Perhaps he might fail; it would be uphill work anyway. Why not keep the boy with him? but reason said, "No." He might not be able to save himself—he could save the other. "So you want to stay with me?" he said, and Fred brightened instantly.

"Now," said Joe. "Don't you want to go to your mother?" Fred nodded. "Well, old fellow, I'm going to fix it so you can, but you must drop me to do it. Its the best thing, the only thing for you. You see I can ask for you what I could not for myself."

On the blank leaf of an old letter be found in the rubbish he wrote with a lead pencil as follows:

"Will you help the bearer to get work at which he can earn an honest living, and see that he goes to visit his parents when he has a respectable position and has earned money enough to clothe himself properly for the visit? I ask this in the name of the friendship which once existed between us, and to which I forfeited all claim four years ago.

He signed the name which had been his in that prosperous time which he had disgraced and had been forced to renounce forever.

Folding the shabby little note, he addressed it to one of the prominent business men of W———. Then taking one of the useful paper bags he wrote a note to leave behind them for their involuntary host and hostess:

"We thank you," it read, "for your hospitality. When we tell you that the quiet Thanksgiving which we have passed in your cellar, has not only saved us from possible death, from cold and hunger, but has given us new courage to make a new start in life, we feel sure that you will not grudge us the food and shelter which you would probably have denied us if asked, and not without reason. We are only two tramps, but we hope to be men with some place in the world, however humble, before another Thanksgiving, and we sign to this the names which have served our purpose as tramps and which we now drop forever.

Gratefully yours,
'JOE' AND 'FRED.'"

As Fred read the epistle and signed it in a big schoolboy hand, he expressed his admiration for the author of it in no stinted terms. "But it don't sound like no tramp's letter," he objected. "The folks'll think it's a joke."

"It won't seem a joke to find all their ham and doughnuts gone, I'm thinking," soid Joe grimly.

"Well, its a great letter," said the boy. "Don't believe old Winters that kept our school at home and thought he was some pumpkins, could hold a candle to it! Wouldn't I like to be here when they read it?" with a boyish chuckle.

"Would you, though?" said Joe signficantly. Well, I wouldn't. And now we must have our last meal here, and as they would make no use of anything a tramp left behind him, we may as well take the rest of the ham and doughnuts with us."

They ate their supper in thoughtful mood. Then Joe tacked his "letter" on the door at the head of the cellar stairs, fixed the fire once more, and they left the shelter that had meant so much to them, to be homeless wanderers once more, but not together—never more together. Fred's boyish grief was open and violent, Joe's repressed but none the less sincere.

"Shan't I ever see you again, Joe? I'll go with you now if you'll only let me," pleaded the boy, but Joe refused. "The world is small, after all. You may see me again sometime," he said; but in his heart he knew better.

Outside the gate they parted. Joe watched the ungainly boyish figure till it disappeared in the darkness, then turned with a heavy sigh and walked off in the opposite direction.

Five years later the Whitings, who had moved to a crude new western city, were on day reminded of their "tramp spisode," as they alaways called it.

Mrs. Whiting and a lady friend were soliciting subscriptions for some charity, and Mrs. Whiting went with them one afternoon and stopped at the office of a business acquaintance noted for his benevolence, even in a city where open-handed giving was the rule and not the exception. The gentleman cheerfully signed the paper and brought it to the ladies, as he was just leaving the office for the night. As the signature caught Mrs. Whiting's eye she gave a start one and exclaimed: "Why it looks like our tramp's writing!" and then blushed as she realized that her remark might sound a trifle uncomplimentary.

Mr. Whiting laughed and closed the carriage door. Then, in reply to Mr. Boynton's inquiring look, he said, "Shall I walk a few steps with you and tell you our tramp story? It is quite like a romance." As he finished, he said, "I don't mind telling, Mr. Boynton, that there's apt to be a lump in my throat when I think of those poor fellows, and as for my wife, I don't believe there are many nights when she doesn't pray for those two tramps whom we never saw, and of whom we know only what is written on a brown paper bag which she keeps in her desk."

Mr. Boynton paused and lifted his hat reverently.

"Heaven bless her always, and all women like her," he said. "Good-night, this is my corner."

Mr. Whiting looked after him a moment. "Queer fellow—Boynton—rather abrupt sometimes," he muttered, aud he, too, went his way.

As Mr. Boynton sat in his handsome but lonely room that night, there was a wistful expression on his face as he said to himself, "I wonder if Fred went home to the farm!"

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA WANTS THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE DEAF—THE NEBRASKA DEAF BOYS WIN AT FOOTBALL.

The Silent Cosmos Club met at residence of C. E. Comp 4600 Boulevard Avenue, last Friday evening. Mr. Comp's discourse on the origin of Thanksgiving Day, was interesting as well as a revelation, as few of the members had any clear idea of the preliminary events of the first Thanksgiving Day. An hour was devoted to discussing the leading questions of the world. The members, especially the ladies, who either had no time or fondness for newspaper reading, were greatly enlightened by these talks. They showed understanding and interest, by the nature of the questions they asked.

The next question taken up was the "National Convention of the Deaf."

The club is very desirous of securing it for next summer. Steps will immediately be taken to secure it.

The club meets at the home of Miss Ella Cornish, 348 North Thirty-eight Street, on November 19th.

"Romeo and Juliet" and "Cuba" will be the interesting topics for the next meeting.

There was a well-played game of football between the elevens representing the Deaf and Dumb Institution and the Creighton University on the grounds of the former institution on Thursday. The victory was the deaf boys' by the score 16 to 0. When the game was called the ball was on the ten-yard line of the Creighton team, and another touchdown by the mutes seemed likely. Both teams played well, the lines of both being especially strong. The deaf boys had the better backs and displayed a greater knowledge of the game. That's why they won.

The deaf boys kicked off, but Creighton could not advance the ball. Within two minutes after the kick-off the ball went to the deaf boys on four downs. In two minutes more the deaf boys had scored a touchdown and kicked a goal. During the rest of the first half the ball varied back and forth, and the half closed with the score 6 to 0 in favor of the deaf boys. In the second half the ball was forced down the field by the mutes by good line bucking' and taken across in six and a half minutes. Connel kicked a goal. Score: 12 to 0. After the kick-off the deaf boys secured the ball and went through center with the star run of the game, making a touchdown after an eighty-yard sprint. Connel failed for the goal. The game was called two minutes after the last touchdown, with the ball on Creightons' ten-yard line. Score: 16 to 0.

Deaf School.	Position.	Creighton.
Regan	Right end	Primson
Keper	Right tackle	Everts
Zadina	Right guard	Sallina
O'Brien	Center	Edwards
Stover	Left guard	Johnson
Hartman	Left tackle	Miller
Flood	Left end	McCorkle
Connell	Quarter back	Geets
Koberstein	Left half	Delscon
Rhiley (Capt.)	Right half	Dickens
Blankenship	Full back	(Capt.) White

Umpire—E. M. Tracy. Referee—L. M. Hunt. Lineman—Davison.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

NOVEMBER.

21—11:30 A.M., St. Louis.
21—3 P M., St. Louis.
22—Forenoon, St. Louis. Visit the Day School.
22—7:30 P.M., Alton. Service and Sermon.
23—All Day, Jacksonville.

Additional appointments will be published soon. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mann is Gambier, Ohio.

A PAINFUL ACCIDENT.

PROF. N. F. WALKER, OF CEDAR SPRINGS, MET WITH A NARROW ESCAPE.

One day last week, Prof. N. F. Walker, of the Cedar Springs Institute, started to visit a sick friend, and decided to drive over his farm before returning home. He had to travel over a rough plantation road, badly washed, and at one place a precipitous gully was made across the track. Prof. Walker had his mind employed on other matters, and did not exercise proper care when this place was reached, although Mrs. Walker had before advised her husband to have it repaired, or he would break his buggy. The Professor was driving a horse said to be not altogether safe, but the animal had been trained to stop at the work "Whoa!" The recent rains must have washed this danger spot still deeper, for when the buggy wheels entered it the vehicle gave a lurch forward, and Prof. Walker was thrown from his seat, falling between one of the front wheels and the buggy body. He had presence of mind to grasp the wheel with his hand and thus locked it, when the horse moved on, and had gone some fifty feet, when the Professor remembered his training and called to him "whoa!" twice. At the second command the animal stopped, and then Prof. Walker got out and was able to drive back home. But he was in great pain, and a physician was summoned. It was found that the Professor was badly bruised about the chest and thighs, where he came in contact with the wheel, but otherwise not seriously injured. He was able to sit up Sunday when we called, but in considerable pain. It was indeed fortunate that the horse had been so well trained, or one of the best men in our county and State would have run great risk of losing his life.—*Piedmont Headlight, Spartanburg, S. C., Nov. 5.*

Wedding Bells.

The marriage of Miss Nellie C. Buxton to Mr. John B. Herman, was solemnized at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Alexander V. Bergquist, 154 Fifteenth Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Thursday evening, October 28th. The ceremony was read by Rev. Phelps and the signs were performed by Rev. Berry. The house was tastefully decorated with plants and flowers. The bride wore heavy brown corded serge cloth, with white satin and white chiffon trimming, and carried bride roses.

Little Helen H. Bergquist and Nina G. Hearne, each three years old, performed the duties of flower girls. The bridesmaid was Miss Jessie Bergquist and the best man was Herbert V. Porter, a nephew of the bride. The bride was given away by her brother, Luther D. Buxton. The wedding supper was served at nine o'clock, after which the bridal pair was driven away amid showers of rice.

Only a few relatives and friends attended the wedding.

Those out of town were Rev. James Bray and wife, Riley, N. Y.; Miss Nannie Harrickson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Kate Erhman, Hamburg, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Potter, Lake View, N. Y.; Miss Nettie Robinson, Conewango, N. Y. From the Orphan's Home, where Miss Buxton formerly worked, were: Miss M. Hammond. Mrs. Charlotte Brown, Mrs. E. King. Deaf-Mntes were: Mr. and Mrs. P. Stafflinger, Misses Kate Knorr and Hughes, Messrs. Knorr, Selbach, and Hallet.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments

NOVEMBER.

21—10.45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo, (Holy Communion.)
21—4.00 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.
26—7.30 P.M., Watkins.
27—7.30 P.M., Parish House of Christ Binghamton, (Lecture.)
28—10.45 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, (Holy Communion.)
28—4.30 P.M., Trinity Chapel, Elmira.

DECEMBER.

3—7.30 P.M., Geneva.
3—7.30 P.M., Auburn.
5—9.30 A.M., Zion Church, Rome, (Holy Communion.)
5—8.00 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse, (Holy Communion.)

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, $1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest,
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Who's love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

IN recognition of the forty-six years of efficient and faithful service of Miss Jane Tomlinson Meigs, as a teacher at the New York Institution for the Instruction af the Deaf and Dumb, the Board of Directors of the institution have placed her upon the list of emeritus teachers, and voted her a salary ef $600 per annum.

That Miss Meigs fully merits this special distinction and favor at the hands of the institution authorities, hundreds of deaf-mutes will unhesitatingly avouch.

There never was a more faithful worker, more kindly spoken, or more honest-hearted lady than Miss Meigs. She was good to all, and gave freely of her means to every worthy cause, in the spirit that lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth. Graduates from time immemorial, revisiting the institution, always received prompt recognition and hearty greeting from their "old teacher," Miss Jane T. Meigs. She was the wonder of these old pupils of hers. New faces and new surroundings met their visions at Fanwood, but though other teachers might come and go, Miss Meigs, like the brook of which Tennyson sings, seemed as if she would go on teaching forever.

But advancing years made the daily duties tax her strength, and during the past three years, Principal Currier lightened her work and made her hours of recreation longer and longer, until—

"Her feebler pulses bade her leave to others
The tasks once welcome—evening asks for peace."

THE fight to prevent the "consolidation" of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes with St. Matthew's Church, has ended with defeat for the deaf-mutes who, almost to a man, protested and pleaded against the absorption of the corporate title of their church and transfer of its funds to St. Matthew's Church.

The deaf are left without adequate representation in the vestry of the "consolidated" church—that is, there are but two deaf gentlemen in the eleven that makes up the full vestry. However, we are indulging the hope that the hearing gentlemen composing it will rise to a strict sense of their duty to the deaf, and carry out the verbal promises made by Rev. Dr. Krans when he read the articles of "consolidation" to the deaf-mutes assembled in the Parish House of the Church of St. John the Evangelist.

These promises were that the endowment fund, two of five lots at 148th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and $25,000 of the funds, would go towards the erection and support of a church exclusively for the deaf.

The agreement, in articles 4, 7 and 10, contains clauses to the same effect, though it is optional with the vestry when it shall be carried out.

It behooves the deaf to place no obstacle in the way of the Rector, Wardens and Vestry of the consolidated church, to prevent the carrying out of work among deaf-mutes that they are under obligation to perform. Perhaps it may be that more will be done for the deaf than the articles of agreement stipulate.

CROWDED-OUT articles will appear next week.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A Glorious Victory for Kendall Kickers.

NO PUNISHMENT IN THE HEREAFTER.

A Chicken Thief Captured.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15,—Last week we had a glorious defeat to rejoice over; now it is as glorious a victory. We have defeated the Johns Hopkins University eleven, the time in several years that feat nas been performed by us. Moreover, it gives us very bright prospects of finishing first in the race for the championship of the I. A. A. of Md. and D. C. What is more, it was won in spite of several very questionable decisions against the Gallaudets, which lost us directly a total of 85 yards.

The game began with Gallaudets kick-off for thirty-five yards. It was returned fifteen. Finding rushing too slow and risky, the visitors soon punted, and for forty yards. Our men rushed the ball right back, three, five, ten yards at a down, but fumbled on the visitors' forty-five yard line. Without losing the ball once, the visitors advanced it for a touchdown, with two fine runs of ten and twenty yards. Time, twelve minutes.

Our next kick-off was for twenty-five yards, and the catcher was downed without gain. They gained ground very slowly, though the umpire gave them ten yards for off-side play, as he claimed, by our team. On our forty-yard line, we secured he ball on a fumble. Hodges gained five yards; Brooks, the same, twice; Walters, thirty; Walter Rosson, none; Hodges, fifteen, and Brooks, five and three—that is the history of the remainder of the half; and time, which, you can take my word for it, was not at all stretched—was called with the ball in our hands only two yards from the opponents' goal.

In the second half, Hopkins kicked off forty yards. Barham caught it, and returned it twenty. Brooks tried the center, but it held, and the ball went to the visitors on downs. Two downs by them failed to advance it; but on the third line-up, they made a fifteen-yard run, going out of bounds. The ball was brought in fifteen yards, as usual, and lost on downs, without a foot gained. W. Rosson advanced the ball ten yards on a couple of downs. Waters added seven more to the number. Then Rosson was given the ball again, and made a beautiful forty-five-yard run to the visitors' twenty-yard line. The reader can imagine the tremendousness of our "kick" when the umpire ordered the ball back to the starting-point, and gave it to Hopkins, claiming that our backs had started before the ball was put in play. Our team soon submitted, though. The visitors did not make an inch out of their ill-gotten advantage, and the ball went to us again. We could plainly afford to submit to injustice, as the play, which followed shows. Waters gained eight yards on the first rush, Fister two, and Rosson seven and eighteen, all this with lightning quickness. Waters next made a twenty-five-yard gain to the visitors' five-yard line. Here, again, the umpire showed his partiality by ordering the ball back, as before, for foul play, and giving it to the opponents. As before, also, they could not gain, and so punted after the second down, the ball going out of bounds near their thirty-five-yard line. Hodges was after it like a flash, and dropped on it. It was brought into the field, and on the first line-up, Waters took it twenty-seven yards nearer goal. Rosson advanced it five more, Waters three; and then our irresistible line-bucker, Brooks, went twice against center. That was enough. Bumgardner kicked a fine goal. Time: 16 minutes. Score: Gallaudet, 6; J. H. U., 4.

The visitors kicked off thirty-five yards, and our men had the ball twenty-five yards nearer the opponents' goal when time was called four minutes latter.

But for those questionable decisions, we feel certain that we would have scored at least once more. The visitors were several pounds heavier in average weight than our men, but seemed in poorer condition, as they weakened greatly towards the last, and could do nothing with our rushes.

In the evening the jubilation over the Virginia game was repeated on a similar, but still more enthusiastic scale. The bonfire was made of old barrels and cornstalks saturated with kerosene. Every man of the team was borne around it, after the rooters had first paraded around Faculty Row, carrying the three leading heroes, Rosson, Brooks and Bumgardner. The fire was built southeast of the girls' building, as before, and they all crowded on the balconies to do their part. At supper, too, they had come over to join in the college-yell, with which we always greet the team. On the whole, our team was certainly never so enthusiastically supported before as it is this season.

Wednesday the team easily defeated that of Friends Select School by the score of 18 to 4, in twenty-minute halves. They were well-drilled in the game, and nearly our weight, but our boys carried everything before them. The first touchdown was made in two minutes. Once the visitors made two long gains around the ends, and the quarter-back then got started for the goal and past all. A touchdown seemed inevitable, when our giant Brooks suddenly appeared at the runner's heels, clasped his waist in a close embrace, and gently drew him back to Mother Earth. However, the quarterback had not passed the ball first to another player, and so it was given our men at the starting-point. That was the only time our goal was in danger.

The Le Droits, quite a strong aggregation, as a recent game with Eastern High School proved, were to have met our second, Tuesday; but rain prevented the game. By the way, it is rain, rain, nothing but rain, with fair days few and far between; yet we were fortunate Wednesday and Saturday.

The Lit held a meeting Friday evening. Mr. Rothert, '98, opened the programme with an essay on "The Ship; its Beginning and Progress." The subject for the debate was the question: "Is there a hell of eternal punishment?" Messrs Carrell, '00, and Carpenter, I. C., supported the affirmative; and their views were opposed by Mr. Hodges, '00, and Mr. Northern, I. C. The decision of the judges was at first a tie, one of them, according to a detestably lazy habit coming into fashion, not taking the trouble to vote for either side. On consultation, however, a decision in favor of the negative was reached. Mr. Moran, '01, and Mr. Painter, I. C., held a dialogue on Catiline's expulsion from Rome, Mr. Wills, '99, then closed the evening's exercises with the declamation of, "An Incident of the French Camp" (during the time of Napoleon.)

Saturday afternoon the Lit had a business meeting to decide when to hold the next literary one, which falls due during the Thanksgiving holidays. It was pfstponed one week.

Mr. Picard, '99, has resigned his position as manager of the eleven, and has been succeeded by Mr. Jackson, '98; Mr. Jackson's position as president of the G. C. A. A., thus vacated, is filled by the promotion of the secretary, Mr. Peterson, '98, and Mr. Souder, '01, was elected to the secretaryship.

Columbian University has canceled the game for Thanksgiving Day, in order to play the Columbia Athletic Club. "Money, not honor," seems to be their motto, and they will probably never have another opportunity to practice it at our expense.

Messrs. Whitlocke and Nicholson, '97, took in the game Saturday, as they always do with all games. Harry Benson, also, an old acquaintance of the students was here, from Frederick Maryland.

By the way, speaking of R. E. L. N. reminds the writer of another adventure of that famous scion of '97.

He finds the traditional affection of the darkey for hen-roosts rather costly, having frequently been left poorer by such depredators. The other day a policeman caught a couple of the thieves red-handed, and took them and their booty about a dozen of Nicholson's feathered subjects, to the station house. The incident was honored with a six inch article in the next mornings' *Post*, in which it was said that as Mr. N was deaf and *dumb*, he had to do all his talking with a pad and pencil.

The students and Normal Class were photographed the other day, but the negatives were poor, and we are waiting for another favorable day.

A very enjoyable party was given to the Kendal School pupils Saturday evening

Mr. Ely visited in New Jersey recently.

Mr. Norris of the Kendal School has joined the League of American Wheelmen.

Mr. Picard, '99, is enjoying a visit from an uncle and aunt.

A. E.

On November 4th, the Brooklyn Guild had an interesting lecture from Rev. Dr. Thos. Gallaudet in regard to his recent trip in Europe. A small attendance greeted him. Still the deaf love him!

At the service in the chapel of Trinity Church, Toledo, on Friday, November 5th, the Rev. Mr. Mann administered baptism to the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Genson. On the following Sunday, at Christ Church, Indianapolis, he baptized the son of Mr. and Mrs. Swift.

Mr. J. B. Lucy, of Haverhill, Mass., witnessed the great football match between Harvard and Yale, at Soldiers' Field, Cambridge, on Saturday last.

A remarkable performance was reecntly given in Berlin. The play was Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and all the actors, as well as the members of the audience, were deaf and dumb.—*Phila. Sunday Press.*

ST. LOUIS.

Death of Mrs. P. M. Meyers.

THE DAY SCHOOL IN HIGH FEATHER.

News of the Week--Coming Events.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The funeral of Mrs. Pauline M. Meyers, whose serious illness, was mentioned last week, took place from Christ Cathedral Chapel, Sunday the 7th inst. at 2.30 P.M. The Rev. J. H. Cloud read the burial service, assisted orally in the chapel by the Rev. Canon Smith and at the Cemetry, by Miss Pearl Herdman. The beautiful chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the deceased. The floral offerings were numerous. Messrs A. Wright, F. W. A. Hammer, W. T. Campbell and W. D. Edwards acted as pall bearers. The body was laid to rest in the New Pickett Cemetery southwest of the city. The deceased leaves a husband and four adult children—a daughter and three sons. She received her education at the Missouri Institution at Fulton. She was a devout Christian and a communicant of St. Thomas' Mission. At the morning service on Sunday the minister feelingly alluded to the quiet, patient Christian life of the comfort and inspiration it had been to him. Miss Della Pearce, a devoted friend of the family, was the ministering angel at the bedside of the deceased during the long hours of her final illness.

Superintendent Soldan of the City Public Schools, with a representative of the School Board, recently visited the Day School on a tour of inspection. The following day the Superintendent wrote Mr. Cloud to "kindly express to your teachers, and if you desire, to the pupils, that my impression of the work when I visited the school this morning, was very favorable." At a special meeting of all the teachers and principals of the City public schools, about fifteen hundred in number, at the High School Auditorium this morning, Superintendent Soldan requested his hearers to report the names and addresses of all deaf children coming under their notice. He reminded them of the existence of the Day School, where not only the common school branches were taught, but some of the High School as well, together with speech and lip reading. He concluded by saying that the school was well appointed and most successfully accomplishing its object. There is encouragement and inspiration in such words from such an eminent educator as Superintendent Soldan, who has always taken great interest in the Day School.

Acting upon the suggestion offered by the JOURNAL correspondent two week ago, there will be a lecture on the evening of December 17th, by Rev Mr. Cloud. Ten cents admission will be charged, and the money thus raised will be donated to the printing fund of the National Association towards enabling it to print the proceedings of the Philadelphia Convention. While the object is a worthy one, and the admission price low, none need stay away, because they are not required to pay more, or cannot afford to pay as much. Those who cannot pay ten cents may pay five, and those who cannot afford five cents may at least shake hands with the door keeper by way of testifying their sympathy with the National Association in its present financial straits and of their approval of the object of the meeting.

The regular monthly meeting of the Gallaudet Union was held last evening. The attendance was large and is constantly growing—a very good indication. The membership is also steadily increasing, which is another healthful sign. The programme of the evening was rendered by Misses Roper and Schum and Mr. Rodenberger, all of whom acquitted themselves with credit.

The Thanksgiving entertainment committee of the Gallaudet Union has decided upon a Basket Party and Social, with prizes, for the evening of the 24th inst.

Mr. P. H. Brown, who has been an exile from Louisiana for several weeks an account of the yellow fever, departed for Baton Rouge last Thursday. He was to stop off for a few days at Little Rock, Ark., to visit the school for the deaf, located there. The Louisiana Institution will open about December 1st. In the meanwhile Mr. Brown will be the guest of Mr. J. H. Goodwin, at Moreland, La.

The St. Joseph Roman Catholic Institution for the Deaf, of this city, was recently granted *pro forma* decree of incorporation. Miss Mamie Dillon was elected president of the newly organized society for Roman Catholic young ladies.

The *Chronicle* of this city has been publishing the photographs and biographical sketches of "Missouri men of Progress." Among the latest to appear were those of Gen. F. M. Bell, president of the Board of Trustees, and Prof. Noble B. McKee, suderintendent of the State Institution at Fulton.

Coming Events.—Saturday, 20th inst., 8 P.M., lectured by Rev. Mr. Mann; Sunday, 21st, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M., services by Rev. Mr. Mann; Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 A.M., services by Rev. Mr. Cloud.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL and keep posted.

J. H. C.

Nov. 13, 1897.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

REGARDING THE NEW YORK DEAF-MUTES' CLUB'S ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL ON NOV. 24TH.

Now that this is the last issue of the JOURNAL before the First Entertainment and Ball of the New York Deaf-Mutes' Club, the Committee would like to say a few words for the benefit of those contemplating attending.

The admission will be fifty cents per person, which covers all, hat and cloak check, etc.

The members of the Club will look after the interests of friends and strangers alike, so that nothing will be lacking to make the occasion an enjoyable one for every one.

Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Entertainment commences at 8:15. Dancing will follow the entertainment in the ball room, which is on the floor above and very handsome.

The Committee will reserve the right to refuse admission to all objectionable persons.

The Hall is in easy to reach from all parts of the city:—53d Street and 8th Ave., 6th Ave. "L" road, stop at 53d St. Those from the east side can cross town to 8th Ave., then it is no trouble to find the Central Park Hall. Anybody will direct you to it.

It will not be necessary for gentlemen to appear in full dress, although it is the fashion, and the great majority will be so attired.

A good time is assured, and it is hoped all who can come will grasp this opportunity to be among those present on what will prove the first deaf-mutes greatest social event of Greater New York.

THE COMMITTEE.

Rochester, N. Y.

No doubt the many friends of Mr. and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Wood, of Rochester, N. Y., would be pleased to hear of the numerous gifts they received on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Nearly seventy-five invitations were sent out, and nearly all responded by gifts or letters of congratulation.

Silver teapot, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Miller, Mr. Lizania Wood, of Syracuse; silver butter-dish, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Kingsley, silver butter-knife, Master George Kingsley; silver knives, Mr. Walter Wood; silver forks, Mr. Bert Wood, silver sugar spoon, Mr. Ray Wood; silver berry spoon, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gibbs; silver and glass fruit dish, Mr. and Mrs. D. R Pierce; silver and gold fish-fork, Miss Jennie McClease; silver and gold oyster set, Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs Stein, Miss L. Lauer, Miss M. Carroll, Mr. Charles Critchley, Mr. J. Brietharpt. Picture, silver-framed, Mrs. Wm. Gormly; butter knife, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rowe. All of Rochester, N. Y.

Silver umbrella clasp, Mr. Ward Smith, of Albion.

Silver pickle castor, Miss Ruth Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. A. Knapp, of Churchville.

Gold and silver pickle fork, Mr. and Mrs. E. Miles, of Syracuse.

Silver crumb tray and brush, Mrs. J. W. Cowan, Miss Miller, of Syracuse.

Half dozen soup spoons, from Mr. and Mrs James Billis, of Golden Gate, Cal.

Soup ladle, from Mr. Hiram Ball, of Mexico, N. Y.

Silver and gold creamer, Mr. S. Taber, Mr. and Mrs. Burdwell, Auburn, N. Y.

Sugar bowl, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rider and Mrs. Grace Chandler, Syracuse, N. Y.

Silver nut pick and cracker from Mr. and Mrs. T. Goodwin, Rochester, N. Y.

FRIENDSHIP.

Will of a Mute Contested.

AN ADOPTED SON TAKES EXCEPTION TO LEGACIES.

The will of Mrs. Lucy A. Meyers, a deaf-mute, who died last spring, was contested yesterday morning in Surrogate Abbott's Court. George Meyers, an adopted son, is the contestant. Mrs. Meyers left most of her small estate to her husband, William Meyers, also a mute. Young Meyers says because of her affliction Mrs. Meyers was under her husband's control and undue influence was used.

Two of the witnesses of the will were present. Mrs. Roe, of New York, and W. G. Quick, of this city. Mrs. Roe could converse in sign language, but the other witness could not. Both testified that Mrs. Meyer seemed to be absolutely her own mistress. The hearing was continued. —*Brooklyn Eagle, Nov 4.*

BOSTON.

RE-UNION OF THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL ASSOCIATION—DR. GALLAUDET IN BOSTON—CELEBRATION NOTES.

The reunion of the Horace Mann School Association and Trilby box party was held in Park Square Hall. Besides Horace Mann pupils there were a few from the Northampton School and a few from other schools. Who the committee were we could not tell, except Mr. and Mrs. Zimmer, who seem to have bad full charge of everything by themselves. The Vice-President, Miss Leatherbee, who usually makes an address of welcome, was prevented from attending on account of illness. Almost all the ladies brought boxes of food—enough for two. The ladies were sent to another room and disguised their feet as best they could, and put them out at the bottom of a curtain. The gentlemen on the other side chose the feet that suited them and they were given a number of the owner. This over, all the ladies went in the hall, and those gentlemen who found they had corresponding number, took them for partners to a lunch box. A good deal of amusement was had when husbands found they had exchanged wives, and those who hoped for sweet sixteens got sour sixties instead. Coffee was served and the fun was at its height, when one of the gentlemen was taken violently ill, every body went to his assistance. A doctor was summoned from the upper hall, where some kind of a meeting was in progress and gave instructions to Mrs. McCandlish, the mother of Miss Flossie, and she with Messrs. Underwood and Donahue, took care of him for the rest of the evening. There was so much sympathy for him that no one cared for dancing or games for an hour or so, or until he had recovered enough to sit up in a chair by the window, and then the dancing was begun. Miss McLaughlin, a semi-mute, played the piano.

At the time of closing the sick man was still very weak, and had to be assisted to his home in Charlestown by some of his friends. It was fortunate that Mrs. McCandlish was in the Hall, for it seems nobody knew just what to do. She impressed us as a kind-hearted motherly lady by her close attention to the sufferer.

Among the ex-pupils of the Horace Mann school, we noticed Mrs. Zimmer, Misses Miller, Driscoll, Bailey, Smith, McLaughlin, Messrs. Henry White, Hobart, Chaplin, Peter Donahue, and many whose names have slipped my memory.

Rev. Dr. Galladuet preached at St. Andrew's Mission, yesterday. The subject of his sermon was "great faith." He had quite a large congregation, the Boston Society having closed its doors, as so many wished to see Dr. Gallaudet preach. He is to take part in the 5th anniversary celebration of St. Andrew's Mission, next Thursday evening.

The Souvenir Journals are out now, and those who receive two or more copies will please pass them to their friends.

The first rehearsal for the dramatic entertainment was held last Saturday evening. They will be held twice a week.

Mr. Geo. Sawyer was in Salem last Friday, to select some more deaf-mute players for the drama, and he will go to Salem every week for the rehearsals.

It is reported that Miss Olive Clarke is soon to be married to a Connecticut gentleman.

Henry A. Chapman, of Salem, has been through another operation, and bore it well.

Owen Hughes was at Salem last Friday, distributing circulars for the Thanksgiving Eve party in Lawrence. We fear these will be a small attendance from Boston, as they seem to have fixed their date too near the Gallaudet Celebration, which is more important, and every one bent on attending it, so wish to save all the money they can for that purpose. And, again, Boston folks are preparing for their expected guests, and they are in every way too wound up in the coming celebration of December 10th, so it seems we are excusable from attending this time.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Chapman are overjoyed at having secured the same house which they vacated when they went to Winsted, Ct., a few years ago. They returned to find it occupied and were much disappointed; but some time ago the family moved, and they at once engaged the house.

Mr. Wm. J. Rudolph has been out of work for a week, on account of dull business, but is now back again at his bench.

Mr. Fred Roberts has been suffering with rheumatrsin in the left arm for four months.

Mrs. John Gray, who was in the early seventies, Matron at the Oregon State School for Deaf-Mutes, died October 29th. The Oregon *Statesman* speaks of her thus: "For two years Mrs. Gray rendered valuable and efficient service as matron of the State school under one of the prior adminstrations of Rev. P. S. Knight. In this as in all relations in life she enjoyed the fullest respect and confidence of all with whom she was brought in contact. She came from St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1870."

Mrs. Gray was an aunt of Mr. F. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea.

Those coming to the celebration December 10th, will please be sure to ask their Station Agent for a "Certificate of full fare to the Gallaudet celebration in Boston," when buying a ticket. It may seem a small matter to you, but you should help others from distant places to obtain reduced fares as well, for we must have at least 100 certificates. Bring your certificates to the hall and hand them to Mr. Sawyer, or Mr. Edward Welch. Please tell your friends about this.

Mr. Wm. L. Kemp, of Quincy, has returned from Barre, Vt., where he has been working for nearly a year.

Mr. John Acheson, who is living with his step-daughter in Sudbury, was in this city yesterday and attended Dr. Gallaudet's service. He was looking very smart for a man of his age.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Marsh are with their daughter, Mrs. Adam Acheson, in Roslindale. They do not attend the deaf-mute gatherings much, but we hope they will be able to be with us on December 10th.

Miss Sarah Teele, of West Somerville, is now keeping house for her niece, in West Acton.

Mr. Geo. E. Tripp, of Maynard, was in Boston Saturday, on business, and returned home the same evening.

Miss Martha Durkin has been staying with Mrs. Glover, in Chelsea, for several weeks, and will stay for some time, or until she gets a place to work in a box factory in East Boston.

Miss Hattie Hogeboom and her mother, of New York, are in Boston, and intend to stay until next Spring. She expects to find something to do, perhaps dressmaking.

The School committee gave the petitioners for an evening school for deaf-mutes leave to withdraw.

Nov. 15, 97. PRY.

History of Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day was a long time in getting itself established! It is not an exclusively American affair, and was not generally observed in the West and South till after the war; but in the East it may be said to date from the seventeenth century. Over 3000 years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. They called it the feast of the tabernacles, and for eight days following the close of harvest they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and and fruits. In the course of time a splendid ritual for this feast was developed, including much singing in reponsive choruses.

Somewhat later the Greeks held a nine-days' feast of similar character, in which slaves were allowed to take part, and all criminals except murderers. The Romans had similar feasts in honor of Ceres, goddess of grain.

The Saxons had a "Harvest Home" and after them the English, which festival was observed in a sort of way in some of the American colonies. In the year 1621 the Pilgrim fathers tried to celebrate it, but it was rather a gloomy affair. In 1623 a ship loaded with provisions failed to arrive, and Gov. Bradford appointed a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, but the expected ship arrived, and so they made it a day of thanksgiving.

Ninety Indians, headed by Chief Massasoit, took part. In 1631 the Puritans ran out of provisions, and February 9th was named as a day of fasting and prayer. As in the other case, the ship arrived, and they had a feast instead. June 15th, 1637, there was a general service in all the churches to give thanks for the great Pequots, and on the 12th of October following a general service and feast, in honor of peace and the settling of some relgious differences. Forty years later Gov. Andros ordered the people to give thanks on the first day of December; but they hated Andros and did not thank worth a cent. Several persons were arrested for treating the proclamation with contempt, but this struck the home authorities as rather ludicrous, and his conduct was disapproved.

Thereafter, Thanksgiving was pretty generally observed in all the States, the governor naming the day. George Washington recommended to Congress the naming of a national day in 1789 for the adoption of the Constitution; it was done, and the day was generally observed. In 1795 the proceeding was repeated. James Madison appears to have issued the first presidential proclamation on the subject in 1895, in honor of the return of peace. Forty-eight years passed before President Lincoln issued the second one, in 1863. Since then every President has followed the custom, and the day is nationally observed at last.

Eighty-five per cent, of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

NEW YORK.

Consolidation Has Been Pulled Through.

THE SILENT WHEELMEN'S ELECTION.

Club Matters, Entertainments, and Small Talk.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 226 East 59th Street, New York City.

The consolidation of St. Matthew's and St. Ann's churches seems to have been definitely settled, and that the plans as drawn have been signed by a Supreme Court judge, so that now there is left nothing to undo it. It is announced that next Sunday St. Ann's congregation will worship in St. John's Church for the last time, and the following Sunday, the 28th, St. Ann's congregation will be welcomed to St. Matthew's Church on West 84th Street, and there worship thereafter—at least that part of the congregation as are willing.

The deaf have been opposed to the consolidation almost to a man but were powerless to prevent it, and how they will take their defeat remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen to what extent the vestry of the new consolidated churches will carry their avowed intention to build a parish house exclusively for the deaf.

The Silent Wheelmen had their first annual meeting a week ago and elected new officers, as follows: J. F. O'Brien, President; M. Heyman, Vice-President; A. D. Bachrach, Secretary; A. Capelli, Treasurer; I. N. Soper, Captain; Theo. I. Lounsbury, First Lieutenant; S. Frankenheim, Second Lieutenant, and Walter Long, Color Bearer. The meeting proved very harmonious, and general satisfaction was expressed at the selection of officers. The officers constitute a board of governors who will attend to all the affairs of the organization and general meetings will be held quarterly in November, February, May, and August. An initiation fee of one dollar must accompany applications for membership.

The last run of the season was to Mountain View, N, J., on the 13th, but only three made up the run, owing probably to the high winds. Sam McClellan met the train at Paterson, and piloted them to his home seven miles to the west, where a light luncheon was in readiness.

Mr. and Mrs. McClellan have a pretty house, that in its plans is an up-to-date model, and what's more, it is their own, and Sam with a position that he has held for twenty years is indeed a prosperous gentleman. Their little six year old daughter tends to brighen life in the otherwise lonesome but picturesque hamlet that is walled on almost every side by mountains, and is very properly called Mountain View. The distance by road from Weehawken is twenty-seven miles, but this did not prevent the wheelmen from riding home. But what they rode on is another matter.

The previous week the run to Bergen Point was an exceedingly enjoyable for the quintet that composed the party.

There will be no more official runs until spring, but Captain Soper will be pleased to have any one join him on informal runs every pleasant Sunday. He will probably announce his plans weekly through this column, giving meeting place and time, and those wishing to accompany the party will have to be punctual.

Next Sunday there will be a short spin countryward, meeting at Saul's Hotel at 9:30 A.M. Lamps not necessary.

Robert A. Van Wyck Schindler is the name of a new personage that made his advent into the world on Friday, November 5th, three days after Robert A. Van Wyck was elected Mayor of the Greater New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Schindler, of Brooklyn Borough, decided to name him, in honor of the new Mayor, whom Karl helped to elect—but he is not expecting a fat job. The Mayor's namesake tips the scales at 10¾ pounds.

Theo. S. Rose had planned a party for a select few friends for Sunday evening, but the death of his uncle, Anton Dack, decided a postponement.

The League of Elect Surds had their regular monthly meeting on November 6th, Vice-President Soper in the chair and filling it superbly. The Special Committee's reports were favorably passed upon and four members were dropped for arrearages. The entertainment Committee's Chairman was selected in the person of Ad. Ekartd, who has some good plans to enliven the "twilight hours" on what is known to the members as the "third Saturday"—that is the third Saturday of each month the club have the use of the room, and some attraction is needed to draw good attendances.

The Ball Committee reported things as in good shape, and as December 15th is drawing nigh, it will be well to get ready for it. It is just a month off.

There is great rejoicing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy, the cause being the appearance, on November 13th, of a little baby boy, which when it grows up ought to be one of the men of town on upper Eighth Avenue. Mother and child are doing exceedingly well.

Thomas Hayden, known to most of the deaf New Yorkers, passed way at his parents' home in Brooklyn on November 2d, at the age of thirty-eight years, after a long and painful illness. J. F. O'Brien, who best knew him, says in the *Register:*

His school days were spent at Fanwood, from which he graduated in the middle seventies, and shortly after entered the employ of his father, who at that time was superintendent of a large abbatoir and on the west side of Gotham. While at school the deceased was noted for his modest and retiring disposition, which in a great measure served to increase the high regard in which he was held by his associates. He developed a marked aptitude for the national game, and was a power in the club that represented Fanwood at that time—the old Hudsons—which was captained by the present principal of the Rome School, Prof. E. B. Nelson. Had the major league clubs been in as flourishing a condition in those days as they are now, few of the former companions of the deceased but believe Tom Hayden's fame as a baseball player would have extended over the whole country. He was before his marriage a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union and of which he was at divers times an officer. His death was peaceful, having been fully prepared to meet the inevitable by Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S. J. A wife and two young children survive him, besides his own immediate family, a brother, Frank Hayden, of the Xavier Union, being a deaf-mute. The funeral was private, and the interment occurred on Thursday in Holy Cross Cemetery.

The mother of Miss Annie E. Robbins died on November 4th.

According to the dailies, the Cincinnatis have let Hoy "walk the plank."

Mr. T. F. Fox has joined the ranks of the "Immortals," a literary circle.

"Vos ist los mit Ballin?" Tammany has risen to power, and as Albert Victor Ballin, the sage of Pearl River, denies that he was in politics this fall, 't is evident that "dere vos nein los mit Ballin." "Ted" will say in reply to this distinguished personage of the backwoods of Nyack, that he is the most ignorant cuss in town, and does not understand one way or the other how that item regarding Ballin's stumping for George got into the *World*, but suspects that at least one reporter was starving and wrote the item at twenty cents a line—for the money—not the truth.

Mr. Joseph Wollman and Miss Celia Schloss, both of Brooklyn Borough, were married on November 7th.

W. S. Abrams has domiciled himself up in the vicinity of 125th Street.

Turkey is uppermost in the mind of the local deaf, and next the grand ball on Dec. 15th.

Unsigned communcations do not get around this writer to the JOURNAL, nor does matter written on both sides of a sheet. I have not the time for attending to these things and can not shoulder the responsibility.

All news items welcome, but please sign your names and write on only one side of paper.

TED.

Alex. Goldfogle

WITH

Alex. S. Rosenthal,

(Ex-United States Consul.)

Attorney and . . Counselor at Law.

Practice in all Courts. Special attention given to deaf-mutes and their friends.

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The L. E. S.

Members of the Order of Elect Surds are earnestly requested to attend a special meeting this Saturday evening, November 20th, at eight P. M. sharp.

By order of the Committee.

On Wednesday, November 10th, Mr. Samuel Schloss, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Emma Klein, of Woodhaven, L. I. were married by Rev. Father Ernst, a German Catholic priest, at the parsonage. As the pastor could not use the sign language, he had to write his questions and receive the replies in the same manner. They will reside in Brooklyn. The former was educated at Fanwood school while the latter obtained her education in the Catholic school in Brooklyn.

PHILADELPHIA.

An Indignant Protest.

A VALUABLE DOG LOST.

Notes and Comments.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

In Spring time, about two years ago, the then Chairman of the Executive Committee appointed a Local Committee of five members in this City to make arrangements for the meeting of the National Association of the Deaf. Some of the persons appointed accepted their positions with reluctance, not because of a lack of interest in the Association, but for personal and other reasons. They began work and, once at it, resolved to do their best. Their energies were directed to the comfort and pleasure of the members alone. But a difficulty confronted them at the very start. They had no money to begin with. It thus became a problem, of first importance with the Committee, how to raise the necessary funds for its work.

What was done and how the Committee succeeded is already known to the majority of readers.

There was no assessment of the members to meet expenses. Not a penny was drawn from the Association's treasury. But all indebtedness was met through the Committee's own efforts, for which fact alone it deserves the unstinted praise of the Association. The ways it adopted to raise its money were not unusual, as precedents were only followed. All this is plain to the observant deaf.

But for one difficulty which has been the cause of much impleasantness, the committee would feel happy for the time and labor it sacrificed for the National Association of the Deaf. Frankly, we refer to the photograph controversy.

This matter the committee endeavored to have settled before reporting to its superior body, but had utterly failed. Its decision was against the person who held the photograph contract, while the final decision rests with the Executive Committee.

Now, see how the Local Committee is being treated. For all its work, done solely in the interest of the N. A. D., it is made the subject of abuse by the ONE person who defaulted on his contract. Because he did not get what he wanted he has been finding fault with the committee. He criticises, ridicules, and condemns it's work; he thinks himself wiser than the committee and tells it what it should have done, and what not. He hurls innuendos at individual members of the committee, and misrepresents and insults the committee as a whole.

And yet this same person professes to be one of the *worthy* members of the N. A. D.

We think it about time that the deaf rise and protest against such unjust abuse. Much harm is done the association by it. Respectable deaf will not consider the work of the Local Committee congenial to themselves if they must expect such unreasonable criticism. In time it may be hard to make up a good committee.

So much for our protest.

While Sergeants Sanderson and Wilson were chatting in the Germantown police station a few days ago, a man of about 40 years drifted silently into their presence. He laid his finger upon his lips to signify that he was a mute, and then submitted a small sheet of paper upon which he had written a complaint of the loss of a valuable dog, the property of Mrs. Syle, of No. 118 Maplewood Avenue, also a deaf-mute, in whose house the man also resides. The paper set forth that the missing dog was invaluable to the silent occupants of the Syle household because of its extraordinary intelligence. The little animal was accustomed to act as a sort of interpreter between the inmates of the house and the outside world. Whenever a visitor called at the house and rang the bell the inmates were apprised of that fact by the antics of the dog, which barked and leaped about until the summons was answered. The dog, is described as a Spaniel with long black ears and hair, very fat, about one foot high and twice as long. It was either stolen or strayed from its home on Sunday. —*Phila. Record.*

Insignificant and ludicrous as the above may appear to our own class of people, it yet is interesting to those whose acquaintance with the deaf is slight. We hear them ask, "how do the deaf know when the bell rings." "How can a deaf person tell a good watermelon from a bad one?" "How can a deaf mother" hear "her crying child during the night?"

A man once asked me if the deaf and dumb can swear. And so many other questions are asked that it seems they never stop wondering at the deaf.

Now, our clipping describes a very common way by which the deaf are warned of bell summons. We call it the dog method. It is adopted quite extensively by deaf housekeepers. But this method is not the only one used. There are various devices and some of them ingenuous in the extreme. They are either designed to attract attention or to make a noise of sufficient strength to be felt by the deaf. The latter way is quite popular with the deaf where the dog offers no charms to the household.

The Clerc Literary Association held a literary meeting last Thursday evening. The following members participated in the exercises: President Lipsett, Miss Kate Keen, Messrs. C. W. Waterhouse, J D. Ziegler, F. C. Smielau, R. M. Ziegler and H. G. Gunkel. On Thanksgiving Day, at 10:30 A. M., Holy Communion will be administered at All Souls' Church. In the evening there will be an entertainment for the benefit of All Souls' Guild. It will be of an amusing character, which hearing people may enjoy in common with the deaf. There will be but one price of admission for all ten cents; no refreshments and hence no other expenses. This makes it possible for a very large number of our deaf to enjoy the evening together pleasantly. Tickets are now on sale.

Mrs. R. E. Underwood left for Baltimore, on Sunday, to be gone until about Wednesday of this week, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood have selected their home and will reside in the northwestern part of the city.

Mr. J. D. Ziegler, a shoe laster, has gone back to Carlisle, Pa., having been induced to return to his former place on his own terms.

Miss Mary L. Lentz returned from New York last Friday, after a very pleasant visit of several weeks.

Pastor Koehler had a mumber of visitors last Saturday afternoon. They were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell, Miss Emily Hamilton, Miss Katie Eisele, Miss Bessie Matthews, Mayer, Mr. Wm. Fries and Mr. F. C. Smielau.

Miss Annie Zeust returned to the city last week after an absence of five weeks. She had been visiting different places in the State of Delaware.

The P. I. D. team, of Mt. Airy, and the Philadelphia Cricket Club played a desperate game of foot ball at Wissahickon Heights, last Saturday afternoon, the result being a tie in he score—12 to 12. The P. C. C. hired four players from the University of Pennsylvania's scrub team. It appeared that the home umpire helped to tie the score in the last half. The features were the line work of Cowley, and the superior tackling of McAbee and Tomb, all of the deaf team. A large crowd witnessed the game.

J. S. R.

RESOLUTIONS

Passed by the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb:—

After forty-six years of continuous service in the Instruction of the Deaf, Miss Jane T. Meigs retired from the Institution on the 1st of September last.

In view of the unusual record, the Directors of the Institution desire to give expression to their very thorough appreciation of their work of Miss Meigs in ameliorating the condition of the deaf children who, during these many years, have been confided to her care, and whose success in life after graduation bespeaks the great worth of her labors for them. While extending to her their congratulations upon having enjoyed for so long a term such varied opportunities for benefitting afflicted mankind, they follow her with their best wishes for continued happiness and peace in her declining years.

ENOCH L. FANCHER, *President.*
THATCHER M. ADAMS, *Secretary.*

The Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in view of the efficient service rendered to the cause of deaf-mute education by Miss Luann C. Rice during the twenty-eight years that have elapsed since she first became a member of the staff of instruction, present this testimonial of their appreciation of her labors and expression of their regret that the condition of her health has rendered it necessary that she should retire from active service in this Institution.

Throughout all these years, she possessed a remarkable influence over succeeding generations of little boys at the Mansion House kindergarten, whom she regarded as her children, and, ever alive to promoting their best interests, she instilled among them all an earnest desire for refinement, propriety and all the virtues to such an extent that her memory will always remain devotedly cherished by those she has been instrumental in raising from the helplessness of ignorance to the full strength of intelligence

ENOCH L. FANCHER, *President.*
THATCHER M. ADAMS, *Secretary.*

MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Nordyke, of near Laporte, spent Sunday, the 7th, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Cloud, of this city.

Mrs. Clara Richards, of Huntington, will soon go to Ft. Wayne and South Whitley for a several months' visit with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos French, of Kreps, recently spent a couple of days with Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards, at Huntington.

Miss Carrie Kelsey, of Ligonier, expects to go to Huntington soon to visit relatives and friends.

The November meeting of the Laporte and South Bend Missions will occur on the 27th. Let all who can, be present.

Rev. Jasper Cross was ordained in full as a minister of the Dunkard denomination on the 23d, of October, at Waterford, Ind. Heretofore he has only been licensed to preach, but now he is privileged to officiate at weddings, funerals, etc., as a fully ordained clergyman. At present Mr. Cross is staying with his son-in-law, Mr. John Collins, who recently moved his family from Silver Lake to Sidney, Ind., and they have formed a partnership in the harness business.

Mrs. Cross is still at Waterford.

PITTI-SING.

Nov. 11, 1897.

STATE OF OHIO.

"Botany Bay" Staged by the Perry Club.

NET PROCEEDS GO TO THE HOME.

A Birthday Party--An Oralist Who Had to Write in Talking With the Deaf--Notes.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Perry Club, an Institution Society composed exclusively of girls, offered its mite for sweet charity's sake last Saturday evening. This it did by an entertainment. For several weeks some of its members, with the assistance of several of the boys, devoted their spare time to the preparation of a play by which they could realize something for the Home. Mr. Zorn kindly tendered his services in the management of it, and as a result a fine bill of amusement—thrilling, pathetic and laughable—greeted all who witnessed the play, and by the way there was a full house. The title of the piece was "Botany Bay," Australia, where the initial scene occurs, and next the characters in the play are in London, where the plotting and scheming and final ringing down of the curtain and the real villain unmasked comes to an end.

The acting of the parts by each of the players was all good, and would have done credit to many of the professionals now found in some of the theatrical companies roving over the land. After paying expenses, the society handed the treasurer of the Home Fund twenty-five dollars as the proceeds. That may seem a small sum, but it must be remembered that the admissions charged were only ten and fifteen cents.

Our steward, Mr. J. K. Pollard, who has held his present office for nearly six years, was in luck yesterday. He received the appointment from President McKinley, as Consul General to Monterey, Mexico. The position pays about $3,000 per annum. He is to report at the Consular Bureau of the State Department, November 23d, for examination provided by the executive order of September 20th, 1895. All of Mr. Pollard's friends will congratulate him upon his good fortune, and will hope the warm climate to which he is destined will prove beneficial in restoring his health.

The Akron deaf tendered a birthday party to one of their number Mrs. L. L. Gibson last Sunday, and gave her a number of presents to testify their appreciation of her. They were there all day, and Mrs. Gibson made them feel at home. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schild, of Canton, J. B. Benedict, of Massillion, and Frank Philpott, of Ravenna, lent their presence also.

Miss Erna Spencer, of St. Paul, Minnesota, was a visitor at the Institution Friday. She is a deaf lady, but was educated at the Northampton School. She was born in this city, and is on a visit to friends. She can scarcely talk by the finger alphabet. She is acquainted with Mr. J. L. Smith, of the Minnesota School. We wonder if she did not feel lonesome among the deaf here, being unable to talk with them except by means of writing. A knowledge of finger spelling and signs would enable her to enjoy the company of the deaf. She informed us that when living here, she almost became a pupil of the Institution, but at the last moment, was taken to the Northampton School by her parents.

Mr. Edson Ruth has been added to the deaf population of the city. He has lately been added to the force employed in the steel works in the southern part of the city.

About a month ago, Mr. Harrison Grigsby changed his residence. Next week he will be on the move again, taking the residence occupied for some years by Mrs P. Pier, on Franklin Avenue. It is near the Institution and will be more convenient for him.

Most of the bindery force have scattered. Mrs. Beulah Miller has taken a trip to her home up at Wauseon; Miss Dickson to hers at New Concord, Ohio; and Mrs. Dresback to Jeffersonville, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hines. They will hardly return before January, as little or no work will be ready for them until then.

Mrs. Holycross was suddenly called to Lebanon, Wednesday, by the serious sickness of her sister.

Mrs. Zell, Miss Doane, and Miss May Greener, went to Dayton, Friday, to attend the annual Ohio Teachers' Convention.

Snow Thursday noon and ice Friday morning gave us an inkling of the approach of winter.

Superintendent and Mrs. Jones tendered a reception to the pupils of the High and part of the Intermediate classes, Friday evening. They were received in the library, and then adjourned to the girls' recreation hall, where for a couple of hours amusements were indulged in to the delight of all. Later a fine spread was served in the dining hall which was toothsome to the palate, oysters, salad, fruit and ice-cream going to make it up. It is hardly necessary to state that the affair was greatly apprecrited by the pupils, and they will long remember the kindness of Mr. and Mrs Jones in providing for them the enjoyment.

The State Emergency Board met Thursday afternoon and granted our Institution a deficiency of $1,400.

A. B. G.

Nov. 13,'97

YONKERS, N. Y.

ITS DEAF POPULATION ARE RISING WITH THE TIMES—SOME OF THE HAPPENING THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE AND ARE TO COME.

Yonkers is that part of the state just outside the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx that so narrowly escaped annexation to Greater New York and the yellow striped skin of the Tiger as a ruler.

It is very seldom that deaf-mute affairs are pulled off in New York that are not attended by a few of the deaf population up this way, but we are not legion, only a mere handful, if twenty or more may be so called.

When the deaf of Yonkers got together the advisability of strengthening the ties that bind suggested itself, and when steps were taken for so doing they were confronted with the argument of admitting into the ranks deaf residents of Mt. Vernon, Tarrytown, Scarsdale, Hastings and Irvington, so that the total all told would be upward of thirty, of which more than three-fourths responded at the first call.

This was for a meeting in the guild rooms of St. John's Episcopal church. Mr. C. Q. Mann acted as chairman, and after a resolution was carried to the effect that we from a society, the chair appointed a nominating committee.

The election of officers followed and resulted as follows:—President, R. E. Maynard; Secy-Treas., Mr. C. Q. Mann; Executive Committee, W. W. W. Thomas, chairman, Henry Beuermann, Miss Jennie DuBois, and Mrs. Henry Beuermann.

Messrs. Maynard, Wright, and Thomas were appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

Mr. C. Q. Mann, at the next meeting, gave a reading on "Around the World in Eighty Days," and it was at once seen that the value of the society was evident.

The last meeting, held on Nov. 13th, was interesting. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the name "Westchester County Society of Deaf-Mutes," was presented and adopted.

Arrangements are being made for a stereopticon lecture before the Christmas Holidays.

Messrs. Mann and W. Thomas have joined Hollywood Inn, a club of working men, who are installed in a $250,000 club house, which is complete in every particular. Others are going to join as occasion presents itself.

The deaf of Yonkers tendered a pleasant surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Callahan on Hallowe'en, and presented them with two handsome parlor vases. Both are greatly interested in the deaf, though hearing people, and as they will soon move to Brooklyn borough, we will lose and miss them.

M. F. Hanrahan, plumber by occupation, recently "turned ankle" while at work and the sprain was so severe that he was laid up for three weeks. In the meantime some of his chums wondered if he had left for Klondike.

Joe Glosque has left the employ of Walter B. Peet, and is now engaged in helping erect a building for his brother in this city. Joe is minus the "twirl" on his upper lip, as the result of poisoning, and in its place he has a black streak that would do credit to a chink.

The Yonkers friends John Koffer, at least, are not minus their arms, according to the Itemizer a week or so ago. It is supposed that Mr. Koffer had the misfortune to lose one of his arms as a result of an accident in New York, and if it is true, he has sympathizers in this city.

Mr. Wm. Wright, a semi-mute, is still rejoicing over the thirteenth addition to his family, though the little girl stranger came over three months ago. He has only recently mingled with the deaf, and has a twang on his fingers after each sentence that would compare favorably with Prof. Fox's handshake a few years ago. Society stopped it, and now the handshake is high.

Bill Thomas has a thirty pound Columbia bike, and is going to put a motor on it. His legs are tired with pushing the old thing along the dusty byways. When eight miles out of town, his bike took a water jump gracefully and became chainless. He rode the chainless, '86 model home and says it was a success.

The Yonkers Rail Road Co has built a double track in South Broadway for Tony Capelli's bene-

fit. Now he will not have to make any more crooked tracks up this way, except when the railroad track curves itself.

Wm. Stewart was recently hit on the head by a brick. He is a bricklayer, and was on the ground underneath the new building going up. Unlike the proverbial Washington negro, who had a similar experience, and exclaimed, "Who touched me," William outdid it by saying nothing.

Two uneducated mutes were recently arrested up here on suspicion of having stolen five dollars from a man's coat on the public dock. It turned out that one deaf-mute was the principal witness and declared the other deaf-mute took the money. The case was complicated and taxed the judge's patience. The judge finally said to the witness: "Did you see him take the money?" "No." "Discharged," said the judge, as he mused to himself. "Some deaf-mutes are very funny, I don't think!"

YONKERSITE.

WOLLMAN—SCHLOSS.

A brilliant wedding took place at Turn Hall, on Atlantic Avenue, on Sunday evening, November 7th. It was the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Julius Wollman and Miss Celia Schloss. About one hundred friends and relatives of the couple witnessed the ceremony. About six o'clock in the evening, Rev. M. J. Luebke, Rabbi of Synagogue Beth-el, entered the hall, followed by the groom, sandwiched by his father and father-in-law, and the bride with her mother and mother-in-law, with little children in white dresses behind the couple.

The bride was beautifully dressed in a gown of fine wool with silk trimmings, and a long white veil on her head. The ceremony was performed orally, and the Rabbi received the replies from the couple. After the ceremony the relatives and friends extended their congratulations to the couple. Misses S. Trenhold and S. Gompert were the maids of honor, and Messrs. J. Trenhold and J. Schloss, brother of the bride, attended the groom. The groom and bride led the march to the dining-room downstairs. Four rows of tables were loaded with the best of everything eatable. Rabbi Luebuke made a short address wishing the happy couple success in their married life. Many telegrams of congratulations from relatives in far distant places were read and each telegram was cheered. Later they returned to the hall and resumed the festivities until midnight. The groom and bride left the hall amid showers of rice.

The following day the couple started for East Northport, L. I. where the groom is in charge of a large farm. Their school days were spent in the Lexington Avenue School, from which they were graduated. The bride is well known and a charming young lady. A large number of wedding presents are too many to mention. Those present were: Misses Ecka, Isgen, Abrams, Mr. Chas. Vetterlein, wife and child, T. Godfrey, Geo. August and sister, Mr. Levy and wife, Messrs. A. J. McLaren and Golland, Mr. and Mrs. Wollman, Mr. and Mrs. Trenhold, Mr. and Mrs. Sugarman, Messrs. J. Schloss and Simon Schloss, and many others.

COR.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

NOVEMBER 21ST—SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT, 3 P.M.

Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
Trinity Church, Newark. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 11 A.M., in the Chapel of the Intercession, Boulevard and 158th Street. It is hoped that the deaf-mute communicants, living up town, as well as pupils of the Institution belonging to the Episcopal Church, will attend this monthly service.

Deaf-Mutes are invited to a reception in St. Matthew's Church, Guild Rooms, Thursday evening, November 18th; to the Thanksgiving Day Service at 11 A.M., in the Church. On the first Sunday in Advent, November 28th, at 3 P.M., there will be a service for deaf-mutes in St. Matthew's Church, 84th Street, near Central Park. The Holy Communion will be celebrated.

To Ward off Train Robbers.

Ben. Oppenheimer, of Trenton, Tenn., who has been attending the convention of deaf-mutes, of this city, besides being a photographer of reputation, is somewhat of an inventor. He has just received letters patent for a steel door for express cars. It is intended to ward off express robbers, and yet at the same time give the messenger a chance to shoot the road agents without in any way endangering his own life. Mr. Oppenheimer exhibited the model at "The American" office yesterday. It is certainly an ingenious contrivance, and will no doubt be thoroughly tested by railroad people.—*The Nashville American.*

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St.

FANWOOD.

John H. Keiser Relates Ancient Egyptian History

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE F. L. A.

The News of the Week in a Condensed Form.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The members of the Literary Association were entertained, Saturday evening with a reading of one of Æsop's Fables, by Miss Alice Judge, and a lecture by Mr. J. Keiser. This lecture, be it said to the credit of the person, was probably one of the most interesting and instructive ever given by a *pupil*. The lecturer chose for his subject Ancient Egyptian History. And the manner in which he accomplished his attempt towards giving a graphic account of this wonderful country, shows how carefully he had prepared himself. He prefaced his remarks with an account of the early history of the people, from the day it was founded down to the time when Abraham visited it 2700 years B. C., the population at that time was some where near five millions, and the cost of living was so cheap, that a child could be brought up until it was time for him to take care of himself, for the trifling sum of four American dollars. To the fact of its enormous population is due the possibilities of their building such colossal structures as the Sphinx, Pyramids of Cheops and Obelisks. These colossal structures were erected to commemorate the life and works of some great ruler of their times. Take, for instance, the hieroglyphic pictures on the Obelisks, they appear to the ordinary mortals as pictures of birds, etc., but in reality they chronicle some important events. He then discribed the obelisk in Central Park, New York City. How the United States came to possess it, through receiving it as a present from the Khedive of Egypt. How the late W. H. Vanderbilt came forward with his purse, and paid all expenses in bringing it from the shores of Alexandria. Unlike the manner in which the obelisk, now standing on the banks of the Thames River, England, and that in France, were transported hither, ours was put in the hold of a steamship. All this engineering was under the charge of Lieutenant Commander G. H. Gorringe, U. S. N. This work involved an expense of $105,000. Next he told about the pyramids, how a great causeway eight miles long was constructed, and massive blocks of stone weighing hundreds of tons were hewed out of the mountains and traveled on tramways. What puzzled us most, was to know now this feat was accomplished, we know they did not possess the power of applying the forces of steam, electricity and machinery, to accomplish this work, as we do with gigantic enterprises to-day. Therefore it was no wonder when he related that the time consumed in building was twenty years. The lecture closed with an account of the great Sphinx, and in concluding he said, "The chief characteristics of the Egyptians, was that while they were capaple of doing great wonders, they were almost liken unto mummies."

President Fox read the news of the day, and Mr. L. A. Cohen in the personification of a Joker, related many amusing incidents. He made a decided hit on a novel scheme by enrolling a huge ball of paper, which he said contained something he wished to narrate, pausing now and then as he unrolled, to feign he had found something. The audience became quite curious as the ball became smaller and smaller, as they wanted to know what it contained. Not till it dwindled to nothing, did they realize the joke he had played on them.

Prof. Jones has been entertaining the pupils with stories from Sherlock Holmes series. Every one of them thus far turned out successfully for him, but the last one he admitted a woman was successful in thwarting his versatility. Consequently the girls gloated over it, and now chide the boys.

Miss Bessie Peet, daughter of Dr. I. L. Peet, was the guest of Miss Ida Montgomery Friday last.

A large number of the older boys witnessed the game of foot ball on the polo ground, between the Carlisle Indians and Browns, Saturday afternoon.

The Fanwood Basket Ball Team played a game with the Fourth Separate Co., of Yonkers, N. Y., on Saturday evening, November 13th, and were defeated by a score of 7 to 5.

In the first half, the Fanwoods overestimated the strength of the soldiers, and did not play the game they are capable of playing; the result of this carelessness was 7 to 4 in favor of the soldiers, but in the second half they braced up and did not allow the soldiers to score again, while our boys made another point.

The line up was as follows:—

FANWOOD.	POSTIONS.	4TH SEP. CO.
T. G. Cook,	Centre,	McQuillan
Ellis,	Right Forward,	Ross
Muench,	Left Forward,	King
Avens,	Right Guard,	Kalkoff
Rappholdt,	Left Guard,	Frazier

Among the spectators at the game from Fanwood were Messrs. Hoyt, W. H. and C. W. Van Tassell, and A. Capelli. Mr. Capelli says that the Fanwood team have greatly improved in their playing, and thinks that as individuals they played better than the soldiers, but as a team the soldiers excelled. Muench and Ellis were undoubtedly the feature of the game. Ellis made a very difficult goal, and Muench made several sensational plays that brought down the house.

The Fanwood Team would be hard to beat if they played as a team, not for individual glory, as it appeared to the on-lookers on Saturday. With a little more coaching in team work, they ought to be able to do better in the future games to be played.

The armory of the Fourth Separate Co. was well filled, for in Yonkers the people are Basket Ball mad. Two more games are to be played with the same team this season, and it is to be hoped that our boys will again defeat them as they did last year.

As our basket ball team pratices at least three times a week, there should be no reason why they are defeated so many times. If the coacher cannot impress them that they must work as a team and not for individual glory, as a witness of the last game has stated, then there is a screw loose somewhere. A house divided against itself will never stand.

The New York JOURNAL's correspondent speaks of a new and successful innovation being made at the Fanwood School, of allowing the boys and the girls to assemble, at their socials, in both of their study-rooms instead of only in the girls' room, thus giving them more freedom and better enjoyment of the games they indulge in. This custom has been in vogue at our school all along for past twenty years, and we do not see much for crowing over this innovation on the part of the New York school.

The above paragraph is from the Michigan *Mirror*. There was no intention on our part to crow over the innvoation. Granted that it was nothing new to the *Mirror*, we simply made known the change, so that former pupils would see what a decided improvement over events that prevailed in their days were being made now. Oh! no; we do not claim to be first in anything, expect as to being the first oral institute in America.

W. G. SHANKS.

FRANCIS GREEN'S IDEA.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF GREW FROM HIS AGITATION—BRONZE TABLET TO HIS MEMORY UNVEILED IN HORACE MANN SCHOOL—PRINCIPAL ADDRESS ABOUT HIM MADE BY DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

From the Boston Globe, November 11.

As a tribute from the parents of the deaf children, of Boston, a bronze tablet, was unveiled yesterday afternoon in the outer vestibule of the Horace Mann school for the deaf, Newbury Street, to Francis Green, in recognition of his service and loving sympathy in behalf of those who cannot hear.

The idea of having the tablet came from the members of the Boston Parents Educational Association for deaf children. The tablet is the first of the kind erected in this country, and is placed in the first public school for the deaf in the world.

Mrs. Sarah Fuller, Principal of the Horace Mann school for the deaf, and the committee of the association have worked for some time to bring about the success of the undertaking. Mayor Quincy and the school board were interested in the proceedings, and through their efforts a liberal loan of potted plants was made by city forester Doogue.

The exercises were held principally in the hall of the school. Upon the wall in the corridor, outside the hall, was hung a painting of Francis Green, by Copley, at the time when Francis Green was an officer in the British army. The portrait shows him in military uniform.

Among the large number of friends of the organization who were present were Miss Francis and Miss Eliza Webber, Miss Margaret Green, granddaughters of Francis Green, and Dr. Samuel A. Green, also relative. Also present were Frank A. Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education, Dr. Elizabeth C. Keller of the Boston school board, and Enoch Henry Currier, Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

As many of the deaf people were present, in order that the exercises might be of interest to them the teachers of the Horace Mann school repeated to them what the speakers were saying.

The exercises began shortly after 3 o'clock with a short introductory sketch of the work of the association by its president, E. W. E. Tompson, who afterward introduced Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who made the principal address.

Dr. Bell said in brief: "It seems fitting that the movement to perpetuate the memory of a parent of a deaf child should be made by the members of an association of parents of deaf children. It is a fact that the education of the deaf in America, and especially in New England, has been carried out largely through the work of the parents of the deaf.

"The first school for the deaf in America was started in Medford by Francis Green, in the early part of this century, after he had met with great success in England with his son Charles. Out of these schools for deaf children have grown such organizations as the one which today presents the bronze tablet of Francis Green to the City of Boston.

In 1679, in Rowley, Mass., Rev. Mr. Nelson undertook to educate a deaf child, but the public sentiment at that time was decidedly against it. A council of ministers was called, and Mr. Nelson was charged with the crime of teaching a child to speak. Upon examination of the child it was found that it could articulate, and for teaching the child to do this Mr. Nelson was discredited.

"In 1783 there appeared in London a pamphlet entitled 'Vox Oculis Subjecta,' which is now proven to be from the pen of Francis Green of Boston, who was so pleased with the success of his son Charles that he made a plea for a school for the deaf in England for the indigent poor."

Dr. Bell then entered into an elaborate dissertation upon Francis Green, in which he proved him to have been the author of considerable literature regarding the deaf which appeared in this country during the latter part of the last century and the early part of the present. He closed with an eloquent peroration.

The next speaker was Dr Samuel A. Green, who spoke as a representative of the Green family.

Mrs. Sarah Fuller, principal of the school, was called for. She said: "Although Francis Green was not a teacher by profession he was a teacher of teachers. His unselfish devotion for the deaf gives him the the highest rank among the educators of the deaf. This tablet which we will unveil to day is only a thank offering by the parents of deaf children, in recognition of what the City of Boston has done in establishing a day school for the deaf."

The other speakers were Enoch Henry Currier, president of the Institute for the deaf, New York City; Francis B. Sanford and Frank A. Hill, of the State Board of Education. Letters were read from Gov. Wolcott and Dr. J. C. Gordon.

The tablet was then presented to the city by J. McCandlish, treasurer of the association. It was accepted on behalf of the city by Dr. Elizabeth C. Keller of the Boston School Board.

At the conclusion of the exercises the entire company repaired to the vestibule, where the tablet was unveiled.

Guild of Silent Workers.

The next meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Guild Room of St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park, on Tuesday, November 30th, at 8 P.M.

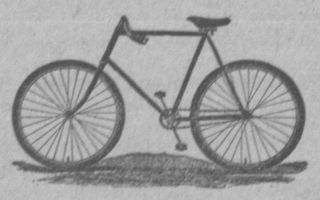
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Dancing -:- Banquet -:- Games for Prizes

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Gentleman and Lady to the Hall,	$1.00
Gentleman to the Hall,	.75
Lady " "	.50
Banquet, each plate,	.75

Free use of Funeuil Hall, Saturday, December 11th, for social purposes. Religious meeting on following Sunday, notice of which will be given later.

RAILROAD FARES.

Reduced fares of one full fare going to Boston and one-third return fare from any important Railroad Station in New England States, New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Wheeling, Parkersburg, and Huntington, West Virginia, and all points East thereof, have been granted on the following conditions:

Attendance at celebration of not less than 100 persons, holding proper certificates obtained from Ticket Agents at starting point, showing payment of full first-class fare of not less than 75 cents to Boston. All important stations are supplied with certificates. If your Station Agent has not any, he will inform you the nearest station to get a certificate, but above all do not buy full fare going ticket to Boston without getting a certificate. Mention "Gallaudet Celebration" to Station Agent when you ask for certificate. Upon your arrival at Copley Hall, give your certificate to the Manager, Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer or Mr. Edward Welch, for Manager's signature.

Souvenir journal with full particulars will be issued on or about November 1st. Send stamp for it.

For further information address Geo. C. Sawyer, 49 Bloomingdale Street, Chelsea, Mass., with a stamp enclosed.

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AT

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Friday Eve., Dec. 10,

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